

EDITORIAL That Which We Call a Rose

There has been a good deal of controversy of late, concerning the particular significance of the title

The Centurion

. . . . Albeit this, for the most part, has existed among the staff members of the aforementioned periodical, a complete explanation for the general public is in order. Therefore, and to this end, if the reader were to consult scripture, or for that matter any of the basic incunabula of our literary heritage, he would find the most abstruse, yet profound connotations attached to the word "Centurion" (if, indeed, he succeeded in locating it at all), and these recondite, allegorical references, upon intense inspection, will be found to yield (if he were to encounter any success whatsoever in fathoming them) absolutely no relevance to our chosen title. This is rather distressing. We may, however, in this exigency, turn to a study of Shakespeare with the appearances of the term "Centurion" in his writings, and not without considerable enlightenment. Of course, at a cursory glance we seem to be confronted with a distinct incompatibility between the sentiments expressed in our CENTURION and the orismological innuendoes conveyed by the Bard's usage of the word, but after close scrutiny and sufficient reflection we become increasingly reconciled that his examples are, without exception, totally inapplicable. But it's always enlightening to study Shakespeare. Returning to our exegesis, we have, by a process of elimination, only our modern authors and the purport which they have attached to the word "Centurion" from which to draw. But this last resort reveals itself to be a rich one, for it is precisely here that the alert reader will find the edification he seeks. The modern authors, Eliot, Joyce, Kafka, Nabov, certainly transcend the 16th Century dramatists or even the ancients in one respect, the most singular inutility, for our purposes, of their usage of the word "Centurion". But that's the way the Pierian Springs, I expect. It's always edifying to read our modern authors, anyhow.

Incidentally, if the reader is still with me at this point, I should like to point out the vast improvements in this issue. I should like to. As it is, however, the very best I am able to do is point out the key fact in our thundering decline. The reader will note that we have augmented ~~xxxxxxx~~ the staff in our art department. Bob Bell, fresh from his swastika daubing triumphs in Cologne has consented to joint our art ranks, so the CENTURION is no longer restricted to one miserable artist. We now have two miserable artists. The appalling exiguity of material has been somewhat ameliorated by Mr. Hinton's sonnet and a tragic selection from Mr. Shrimpton (the tragedy being that we printed it). These submissions, plus a few short letters proved to be the only contributions. Now don't misunderstand us, we're not asking for material. No, I don't think "asking" is the correct choice of words. "Begging", that's more like it. "Pleading", "beseeching", "imploring", they're all good. C'mon, you bums, cough up.

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"THE CENTURION"

Humor by the Megaton

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LETTERS TO ALL THESE PEOPLE

Dear Sirs:
Viva l'italia.
B. Mussolini

VIVA LA LOLLOBRIDGIDA, HINTON.
Editors.

Dear Sirs:
My most heartfelt and vigorous felicitations on the inception of this fine literary endeavour -- it marks an epoch in journalism.

Broderick Crawford

Dear Sirs:
Who do you guys think you're kidding? I'll bet you cooked half those letters yourselves.
Barbara Barton

WE, SIR, MOST VEHEMENTLY RESENT THIS ODIOS ALLEGATION. PERHAPS WE DID ANTICIPATE THE SENTIMENTS OF SOME OF OUR MORE RETICENT CONTRIBUTORS, BUT IN THIS OUR ONLY MOTIVE WAS TO INSURE THEM THAT THEIR OPINIONS WERE, INDEED, WELCOME.

p.s. WE ALSO FAIL TO UNDERSTAND YOUR COMPLAINT AS WE "COOKED" (IN YOUR VERNACULAR) YOUR LETTER ALSO. Editors

Dear Sirs:
Well, you didn't cook this one, you charlatans . . . and if you ever -- ever use my name again, I'll break your lousy spines.
Sharon Kirk

EFP! Editors

Dear Sirs:
The CENTURION makes me boil.
Bobby Blood-drop

Dear Sirs:
The guy who writes your letters to the editors should write the rest of the paper.
Fred Wilcox

OH, NO YOU DON'T. YOU'RE NOT STARTING THAT. Editors.

Dear Sirs:
I had four sausages for breakfast this morning.
George Lamont

Dear Sirs:
I put a copy of the ~~E~~ CENTURION on the desk in my father's den, with his evening paper. Next morning I noticed a strange thing -- the next door neighbour was chasing his goat with a garden hose.

Martin Barford

Dear Sirs:
I went to put a letter in "Daniels olde brief-case", and it bit me.
Pat Eagles

Dear Sirs:
Can you tell me the difference between childish impulsiveness and petty larceny?
Joe College

NO. Editors.

Dear Feebee:
Oops! Wrong Paper.
Ann Landers

Note to the staff of the CRITIC . . . The Student Council mimeographing machine is admittedly a difficult contrivance to manage, but once you have mastered its intricacies, we are sure you will have no more trouble. Therefore, come and see the editors of the CENTURION and we will be only too glad to teach you how to push down the handle which operates it.
Editors.

DRAMA

with due respect to A. E. Housman

After years of labouring over this magnificent selection from the Agamemnon of Aeschylus, the writer feels that at last he has come up with a translation of it that must satisfy every critic. The writer is of the opinion that, though his translation is a little free and has sacrificed certain linguistic details of the Greek original, it is intensely accurate, never wavering from the intent of the lines from which it was translated.

Aeschylus has introduced the hope that Troy has been captured by the Greeks and now the chorus (a dramatic device used by the playwright to add dignity and unity) asks news from Clytemnestra to see whether this be so.

CHORUS O, Clytemnestra, the hope of Troy's capture by the Greeks has been introduced and we, the chorus (giving this play dignity and unity), would know whether this be so. We therefore charge thee speak, opening thy mouth, announce, wagging thy tongue, and declaim, moving thy lips that we inquiring may know whether the news be on one hand good, or whether it be on the other hand bad, or whether ~~xxx~~ on yet the other hand thou hast received no news at all. For we, being full of burningly resplendent patriotism, are loyal.

CLYTEMNESTRA Ah, how ~~x~~ well I see that ye do enquire not only because you are curious and would know, but also because you, being full of burningly resplendent patriotism, are loyal. And so I will tell, opening my mouth, speak, moving my lips, and say, wagging my tongue and so inform you whether the news I have received be on one hand good, or whether it be on the other hand bad, or whether on yet the other hand I have received no news at all.

CHORUS And in soothe and how happy we would be if you would only do as you now say: speak, opening thy mouth, declaim, wagging thy...

CLYT. Enough! For indeed therefore and yet at any rate we shall never finish this play until you improve your powers of conversation.

CH. Have mercy on us, daughter of the roof of Atreus! For we are old and not young, walking a three-legged road, supporting the right sides of our bodies on the right leg, the left on the left, and what remains on a staff. Nor would we be insubordinate to thee, O wife of Agamemnon, for we know that when a married king has gone away his throne is empty and his wife alone and we must honour the wife of the husband because the husband, being gone and not at home, as has been said, is away and his wife is left alone, as has also been said, and it is as though he, having left his wife and throne behind, were here among us, though he is not, having gone.

CLY. I see that you, having seen the truth, perceive that it be true. But nonetheless, and be that as it may, I will speak with words and tell you using phrases that Troy is fallen.

CH. Fallen?

CL. Fallen.

CH You did say, fallen.

CL Fallen.

CH Down?

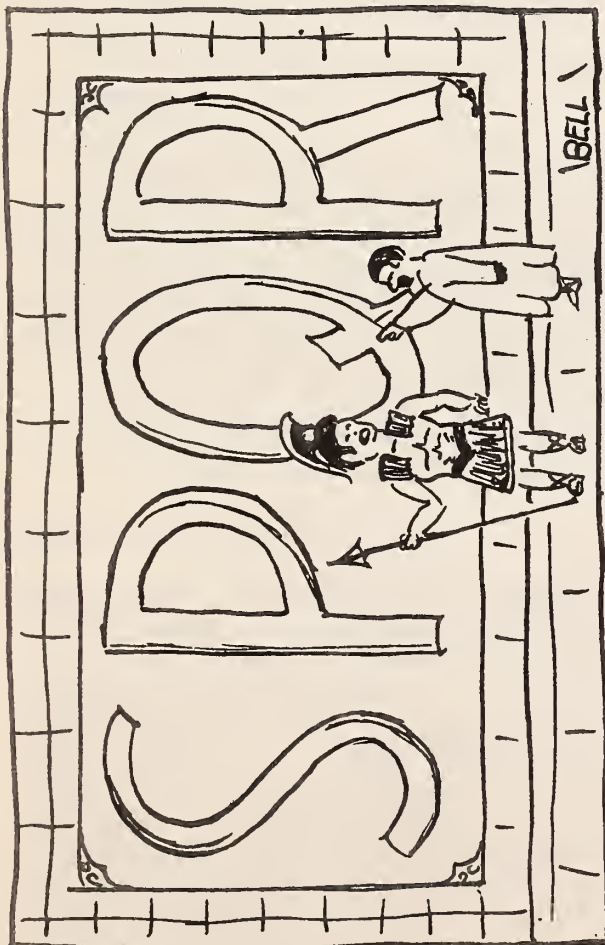
CL No, just fallen.

CH Do pardon me, O Queen of mighty Argos, for I am hard of hearing, leaning on a staff, you did say

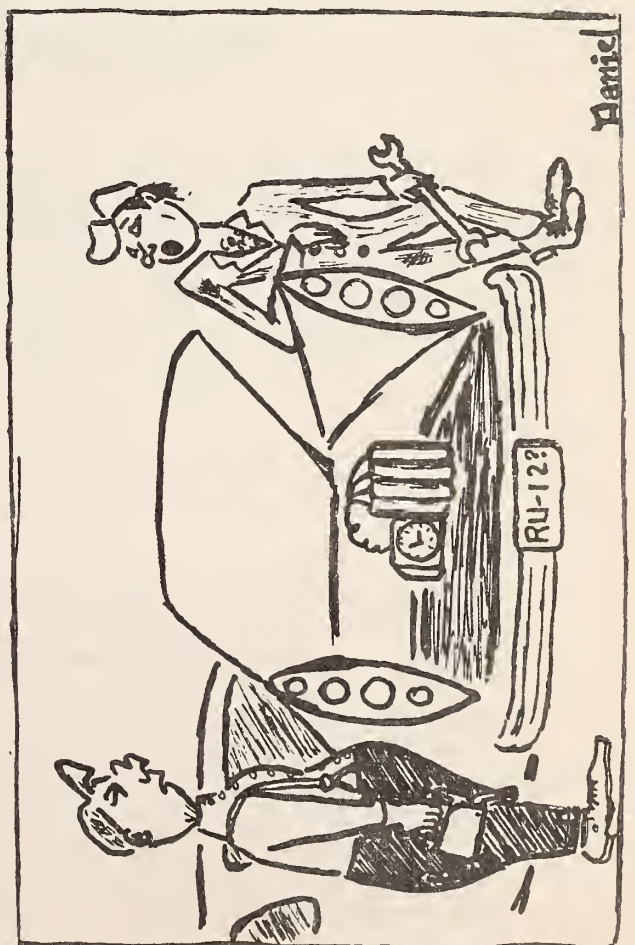
GORDON SHRIMPTON



"WHAT A CRUMMY DEAL. THE BROADS GET A SNAZZY JOINT LIKE THIS AND OUR COMMONS LOOKS LIKE A PIG STY."



"OH, HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?"



"PLANNED OBSOLESCENCE."



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CHALLENGE

You (us) stated that you wish to attract contributions.
You (O'Brien) have also shared with me some private conversation
on the subject of poetry.

Perhaps you (Bell) could print this sonnet and ask the poets of the college (Milton uses this spelling) to equal or surpass it in excellence, by way of a challenge.

Spake ye of controversy? So hear ye
Now my word. Let any come forth who hold
Their work to be creative art. So hold
Afe some in claiming great nonsense to be
Poetry or painting that I say we
Must turn to the Golden Age grown so old,
Art as it was before this creeping mould
O'ertook it. Come into the lists 'gainst me
Now; raise up the mighty sonnet: let none
Bring this newness, only the eternal
Voice of the past. None shall be called poet
Who cannot write a sonnet. Such as one
As can wins the victor's crown of laurels.
Come ye, sonneteers all; the gage is out.

JAY HINTON

. . . look out, Stylus. EDITORS

HUMOR . . .

Bad Joke of the Week

. . . the goodness of your true pun is in the direct ratio
of its intolerability . . . Marginalia, E.A. POE

WONDER WHY THIS COFFEE TASTES LIKE MUD?

GUESS IT SHOULD, THOUGH, IT WAS ONLY GROUND AN
HOUR AGO.

Cheezz - Editors.

ALUMNUS

Who ever heard of a St. Valentine's Day Tree? Mal Potts, that's who. He's got one at his radio station. He's also thought of a lot of other things, ranging from Baby Buggy Derbys to the dubious Grandma Schopshovel. You, too, can hear all these nut ideas by tuning KITT, 1450. You can also hear things which our alumnus "Mad Mal" never hears. That is the swinging records he plays every day, 4 til 8.

Mal never hears these because those earphones he wears are actually camouflaged ear-muffs.

SEEN IN FLUNKING

WUGS PRES, DALE IRVINE dunging out the Women's Commons after TWIRP week . . . MIKE STEPHEN unable to scrounge razor blades . . . ED POMEROY thumbing through old Mad Magazines . . . STU GRAFTON butting-out . . . BRIAN LITTLE phoning to Vancouver for reservations (in case he were to get kidnapped to somewhere like that) . . . THE GOLD DUST TWINS having their hair done in the Boeing wind-tunnel . . . SALLY GREGSON giving up the pottery trade . . . TOM MASTERS jacking Tower prices . . . VIOLET FERRIS & IRENE VATKIN crowding Picasso . . . KEN RYALL getting a mute for his clarinet (or was it a muzzle?) . . . CRAIG ANDREWS & LORNE PRIESTLY flushing their minds . . . STEW MACDONALD laquering his toenails

DEBATE

The Victoria College Debating Union Suit.
Debate of February 29, 1962. RESOLVED --
That I will give up women and cheap cigars in '62

This house (a pre-fab joint) believes the Critic, although a feeble periodical, is good for sopping up spilled coffee.

"Lungs" Nagurski

Liar!

You are too.

This house believes, the Critic, although a feeble periodical, is good for lining ~~the~~ fertilizer trays. And why not? It's a greenhouse.

Herman the Giant

I am not!

Sticks and stones can break my bones, but names . . .

Order restored by moderator

As Virgil once said, "Caelo tonantem credidimus iovem regnare." I don't know exactly what this means, but I think it is pretty obvious my worthy opponent, Mr. Giant (The), is a Communist. I won't make any mention of the fact that he was caught smuggling wetbacks over the International Date Line back in '48.

What, you deny it?

Shut your face! I got the floor, lout!

O-o-h-h, what a fib! I categorically deny it.

It wasn't the International Date Line, it was a clothesline. Besides you got a mistake in your Latin quote, it was Horace who said it.

In a minute, the floor's going to have you, buddy, in a thin veneer, all over it.

Order again restored by referee

Four score years and ten again, our forefathers came to this nation hell-bent on establishing a sixty hour work week and no coffee breaks, either. They found life, liberty, and the happiness of pursuit, but they soon put a stop to that --

Keeper interrupts, "Times up, we'll now hear from the other house."

O-o-o-h-h

Guard smacks him down

Look, you knock-kneed gland case, say the word and I'll cut you down to my size in one swipe.

As we go through the processes of life, we reach an age called puberty, worthy opponent, puberty.

My opponent, I humbly submit, has failed to make this transition. Now, are you going to take the word of a puber over that of a self-respecting giant?

A-a-a-h-h-h, yer mother drives a pickle wagon.

Bell rings and trainer returns debaters to their respective kennels.

Results of debate was, 3 for, 51 against, with 15 abstentions.

Marcia and Ira, P.S. 42 (Kelly School)

